

LADY CAR; —OR— THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III. Continued.

"It has all been delightful," she said. "To have you back through all your schoolboy time and at college is so nice that I know I have been persuading you to make the most of it for my sake. But, Edward, you must not humor me any more. I feel that it is wasting your time."

"No," he said, "when one has to pick up one's thread it is best to do it thoroughly. This will all be of service, every word of it."

"I see you mean to begin with a retrospect," she cried, brightening again.

"Not so much as a retrospect," he said with a twinge of conscience, "but one's early ideas, though they are often absurd, are very suggestive."

"Oh, not absurd," she cried. "It would be to hear such a word applied to anything of his."

But little Tom had come home for his holidays, which showed that it was four or five months in the settling down. They had taken possession of Easton in the end of August. Tom came home very manly and grew up after his first "half" at school. He was close upon eleven, and he had a very high opinion of his own position and prospects. His school was a large preparatory one, where things were done as much as possible on the model of Eton, which was the goal of all the little boys' ambition. It was a little disappointing after the first genuine moment of pleasure in coming home, and the ecstatic sense of being a very great man to little Janet, to find that after all Janet was only a little girl and did not understand the half of what he told her. He felt the want of male society very much on the second day, and to think that there would not be a fellow to speak to for a whole month damped the delightful prospect of being his own master for that time, which had smiled so much upon him. Janet, it is scarcely necessary to say, gave a boundless faith to her brother, and listened to the tale of his achievements, and of what the fellows did, with an interest unalloyed by criticism. Her mouth and her eyes were full of a round O! of wonder and admiration. She never tired of hearing of the feats and the scrapes and the heroic incidents of school. To dazzle her so completely was something; but a mind accustomed to the company of the nobler sex soon made it apparent that he was bored.

"There's a lot of houses about," he said. "Aren't there any fellows down there, or there?" he pointed to distant roofs and groups of chimneys appearing at intervals from among the leafless trees—"that one could speak to? It's awfully dull here after knowing so many at school."

"There are some children at the white house with the blue roof," said Janet, "but they're not good enough, nurse says; and I don't know nobody to play with," the little girl added rather wistfully—the made all her "th's" into "y's" still—"I only take walks."

"Children!" said Tom contemptuously. "I wasn't asking about children. I mean fellows at school. If they're at a good school they're good enough. I'll soon find out. When a fellow has been out in the world, and goes to school, you don't suppose he minds what nurse says."

"Oh, but nurse says a great, great many things," said Janet. "She says Easton's a little poking house, and that we should be in our own family place. What's a family place? Do you know? It is something fayer is buried in," the little girl added after a moment, "with a little thrill of solemnity. Tom burst into a laugh in the pleasure of his superior knowledge."

"You are a little ass, Jan! Of course I know. The family place is a grand one, with a big tower and a flag on it when I'm at home—like the Queen at Windsor! The worst is I'm never at home; but I shall be when I'm big, and then shall we have times! I've told a lot of fellows. I'll have them up to my place in Scotland for the shooting, don't you know."

Janet only gave him a look out of her large light eyes. "Girl's don't shoot," she said. "I don't want to be at your shooting. Tom, do you remember fayer? He's buried there."

"Oh, humbug! he's buried in the churchyard, where all the dead people are buried. Of course I remember him. What's that got to do with it? I remember having a ride on his big black mare, such a big tall beast, and nobody will ride him except me and him, you know. He was behind when I rode him, and she carried us both as easy as a lamb. Old Duncan told me so—as easy as a lamb—because she knew who was her master!" the boy cried, with the color mounting up into his cheeks.

He began to switch the chairs with a little cane he had in his hand, and bade them to "get on" and "ge up," to Janet's considerable disturbance, for she had already learned that a boy's boots were apt to be muddy, and that chairs covered with brocade and carved and gilded were not meant to be ridden or to ge-up.

"Don't, Tom," she said; "they're moyer's pretty chairs."

"Oh, bother!" said the boy, "where's mother? I want to tell her lots of things, but I won't if she's so particular about things and stays so long away."

"She's in the library with Beau," said Janet; "they are always in the library. It is so pretty. Moyer likes better than the drawing room. But they will soon come in for tea."

"I say," cried Tom, "do you have tea here always, not in the nursery? Oh, I say! I am not going to stand that. I know what they do at afternoon tea. You have a small piece of

bread and butter, or perhaps, at atom of cake, and you mustn't make any crumbs or enjoy yourself at all. You should see our tea at school. There is sometimes this kind of jam, and in summer the fellows have strawberries—as many as ever they like—and this half Summerfield major was allowed cold patridge."

"For tea!" cried Janet, with ever so many notes of admiration.

"Oh, his people send him such whopping hampers," said Tom, "he could never get through it all if he didn't have it for tea."

"Nasty meat!" said little Janet, with a grimace; "but the jam is very nice," she added, with a sigh. "There is no nursing when you're gone. Moyer gives us very nice tea and plenty of cake; but she thinks I am better down stairs, not always with nurse."

"And do you think so? You were always a little—"

"It's nice when mother talks to me and not to Beau," said Janet, with reluctance. The grievance of the many times when this was the case was implied, not put into words. "But when there is you and me it will be very nice," cried the little girl. "There is a nice plain little table in the room not covered or anything. It had a cover on, but that come off, and I am allowed to have it to paint pictures upon and play at anything you like. We'll have it between us in the room as if it was a little party," cried Janet, "and they will never mind us, as long as we don't make much noise."

"But I want to make a noise. I want to have a real square meal. It isn't good for a fellow, when he's growing, to be kept short of his grub. I want—"

"Oh, Tom, what a horrible, horrible word!"

"Much you know!" cried the boy. "Fellows' sisters all like it to have the same words as we say. But if you think I'm coming back from Hall's, where they have all Eton rules, to sit as quiet as a mouse in the drawing room, and have afternoon tea like an old fogey, I shan't, and there's an end of it!" cried Tom.

Lady Car came in as he gave forth this determination in a loud voice. She came in very smoothly, as was her wont, with the soft trail of her satin gown on the soft, mossy carpet, on which her light steps made no sound. In her eyes was still the dreamy smile of her pleasure in all the details and chronicles of a school-boy life, so elevated and attuned, its poems and its worries and its high purposes. She was imagining to herself a form in which it might all be set forth in chapters or cantos. "The Dawning Genius" would be the title of the first. She saw before her the spiritual being, all thought and enthusiasm, making a hundred chimeras divine—the boy-part, their heir of all the ages, the fine down of human promise. Half the adoring wife and half the woman of genius, she came in softly, with delicate chimes of verse already sounding in her mind, and the scheme of the poem rising before him.

Not the prelude. Oh, no; but the development, the dawn (a far more lovely word), the dawning of genius, of which in its time it might be her delightful mission to record the completion, too.

She was roused from this vision by the noisy boyish voice. "I shan't, and there's an end of it," cried Tom, and she raised her dreamy eyes, startled to see the boy standing in this form and defiant, his legs apart, his sturdy little square figure relieved against the window. How different from the ideal boy of whom she had been dreaming! the real boy, her son.

They both looked at her with an alarmed aspect, not knowing what would happen. Poor Carry was the gentlest of mothers. She never punished them, never scolded, but yet no one could tell why they had always the air of being afraid of her. They looked at her now as children might have looked who were afraid of being sent into solitary confinement, shut up in a dark closet, or some other torture. Tom's voice fell in a moment, and Janet came out in defense like the little woman in the weather-house, where the little man skulks in doors, disconcerted by the good weather. Janet came forward with the little hand raised. "Moyer, it was not naughtiness. It was because he has been out in the world, and knows things different from me."

"Yes!" said Lady Car, smiling upon them, "and what are the things this man of the world knows? To be sure, dear, he must be greatly in advance of you and me."

The children were all the more abashed by this speech, though its tone was so gentle. They stared at her for a moment with their father's face, dark and stolid, the likeness intensified in Tom by the sudden alarm of his look. She had put out her hand to him, to draw him close to her. "What is it," she said, "my little boy?" She was, to tell the truth, rather afraid of him, too.

"It's nothing," said Tom. "It's something she's said."

"Oh, Tom," cried Janet, with a sense of injury. "Moyer, he says they have such nice teas at school—strawberries and sometimes cold patridge, and whopping hampers."

"Dear!"

"That's how the fellows talk," said Tom. "That's not the right thing for a girl."

"Was the cold patridge in the whopping hamper?" said a voice behind. "Carry, I don't wonder the boy's indignant. You have sent him no hampers. A first half at school, and not so much as a big cake. I feel for Tom. Never mind, old fellow, you see she never was at school."

They had both turned round their anxious faces to him as he came in.

They were instinctively jealous of him. Yet both turned with a certain relief, or at least Tom did so, who was aware that Beau was one of his own faction, a man, against the sway of the everlasting feminine. Janet took the hand which the mother had stretched out toward her boy and clung to it, drawing herself close into Lady Car's skirts. Beau was not of her faction in any sense of the word. The little girl pulled her mother's face toward her, and whispered her tale into Carry's ear.

"To have your tea upstairs! Why doesn't he want to be with us, dear, after being away so long? You shall have what you like best, my dear children, if you really prefer the nursery to the drawing room and my company."

"He says they have this kind of jam," said Janet in her mother's ear, "and do whatever they like," she added after a pause.

Lady Car gave her husband a look which the children noted though they did not understand. There was a slight appeal in it, and some relief. He had said that she must keep them with her, as much as if he had not been there; that he would not separate her, not for an hour, not for a meal, from her children; and she had thought it her duty to have them there, though their presence and his together kept Carry in a harassed consciousness of the two claims upon her. They concluded that mother was not angry with great relief; but they did not understand the guilty satisfaction of Carry in finding that they liked the nursery the best.

CHAPTER IV.

The time of Tom's holidays was rather a holiday also for Beaufort, who, having got a certain amount of amusement out of his notebooks and their mine of school life, was beginning to be bored by himself, and to think, under his breath, that a little prig and ass he had been in his boyish days, and how astounding it was that Carry should take it all in with such undoubting faith. He was a little philosopher in his idle way, and Carry began to be a sometimes disconcerting but often amusing problem to him. He laughed softly sometimes when he was by himself to see how seriously she took him, and how much his youthful superiority impressed her. It had not been his intention when he again took up the notebooks to increase, as he had certainly done, her admiration and, consequently, her expectations of himself. He had hoped, if anything, to beguile her a little from the pursuit of results, to make her less in earnest about the great work on which she had set her heart. But this expedition had not succeeded. She was more than ever bent upon the fulfilling of that early promise which was so beautiful and so wonderful in her eyes. Beaufort was half flattered, half vexed by this result. It is hard to resist a woman's admiration even if it is of something which is no longer yourself. It softened his heart, but it warmed him more than ever, as it made her more and more sure.

He took advantage of Tom with a little secret chuckle to himself behind books. Tom amused this philosopher, too. He liked to draw him out, to watch the movements of character in him, even to speculate as to what kind of a man it had been that had produced this child. He must be like his father, Beaufort said to himself, without any sentiment even of animosity toward Carry's husband. Certainly he had got the better of that man. He had obliterated Torrance, as it were, from the face of the earth; but he had no such feeling as Carry had about Torrance's life and Torrance's money. He took it all much more calmly than she could do, not even thinking of the consciousness of the mission which made him own all his comfort and happiness to Torrance. Tom, however, was the subject of various speculations in his stepfather's mind. If it was what the little Torrance was modified by Lindons, what must the original have been? And what would this one turn to; an ordinary country gentleman, no better or worse than his neighbors, or what? A vague sense in his mind was that there might be future trouble to carry in the child's development moved him mildly, for the distance between childhood and manhood seems so long looking forward, though so short when we look back, and any such danger must be far in the future.

To be Continued.

Caught Eleven Trains in Vain.
The International Women's Congress, sitting in Paris, recently witnessed a ludicrous scene. The ladies, were in solemn conclave, when suddenly there appeared a pair of trousers on the scene. For a moment the ladies were too perturbed to identify the spectre, but after a moment of unbecoming silence the president rallied, and in an icy tone identified it as a "man."

Then the apparition relieved the tension by explaining that it was the mortal presence of M. Legendre, of Sens, an ardent feminist. "I stood," he said, "as feminist candidate at the last elections, and I have to-day taken eleven trains to appear among you. I am happy to enjoy this opportunity of supporting your cause."

Alas for enthusiasm when it is of the male persuasion and relates to matters feminine!

The president arose, and after explaining to M. Legendre, in tones of cold, calm severity, that the taking of eleven trains at a stretch did not confer the right of entry to that assemblage had him expelled.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Inquisitive.
Why did you love that girl instead of some other girl? Why don't you love her sister? Why does she love you instead of loving your best friend? You love somebody. What makes you? Have you got any business loving if you don't know why?—St. Paul Daily News.

China is pressing reforms. An imperial edict orders the board of revenue to introduce within six months a uniform system of weights and measures throughout the empire.

THE AMERICAN ARMY'S BATTLE WITH THE "WHITE PLAGUE."

By Mrs. C. R. Miller.

One of the most effective remedies for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis is living in the open air, and yet the American soldier who spends the greater part of his time out of doors is by no means immune from the disease. Shortly after the Spanish-American War the War Department found it necessary to take steps for the establishment of a sanitarium for the consumptive soldiers. Fort Bayard, an abandoned army post in the southwestern part of New Mexico, was selected for the purpose. There are now engaged at this point in fighting the "white plague" ten army surgeons and three line officers, with about fifty hospital corps men and eighteen trained nurses.

Fort Bayard embraces thirteen square miles of land in the most picturesque part of the great Southwest. It has an altitude of over 6000 feet, and at all seasons of the year is free from that damp atmosphere which weakens one suffering with lung trouble. The nearest town is Silver City,

and well cooked food which is provided for them would do credit to a good hotel. The department allows fifty cents per day for the food of each man, and the best of everything is provided.



VERANDA OF THE OFFICERS' BUILDING—CAPTAIN HUTTON AND DR. REDEWILL, OF THE MEDICAL STAFF, IN UNIFORM; CAPTAIN WILSON, OF THE NAVY, SEATED IN ROCKING CHAIR.

Little medicine is given at Fort Bayard except where there are complications with other diseases. The surgeons are prepared, however, for all emergencies, and have a splendidly equipped operating room. A laboratory is attached, where experiments are carried out and schemes devised as to the best method of fighting the disease. Sleeping out of doors is the custom there.—From Leslie's Weekly.

Try the Experiment.

A Boston writer says that Goethe wrote the initials of his name, and, folding it over, was surprised to get a butterfly. It makes a very pretty occupation for an idle fifteen minutes to see what you will get, and some of the designs are pretty enough to be used as embroidery patterns.



AMUSEMENT PARLOR BUILT ENTIRELY OF GLASS—GROUP OF PATIENTS OUTDOORS ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE.

NURSERY BED OF YOUNG FOREST TREES.

When a bed is sown it is covered immediately with wire screen or small mesh to keep out the birds and squirrels which, otherwise, would eat the seeds. Then a lath screen for shade, with open spaces just the width of a lath, is laid on, with its frame resting on the edges of the boards that enclose the bed. As both the wire screen and the lath shade are made as



Grown For the Extensive Plantings of the New York Forest Commission.

light as possible, they can be lifted and removed quickly whenever it is necessary to examine the germination closely. As soon as the seeds are sown the open spaces in the lath screen are closed with loose lath, and the openings in the sides and ends of the board frames are covered with heavy brown paper to exclude the light. In this way the bed is kept dark until the sprouts appear, a humid condition is maintained and any sudden change in temperature is avoided.—American Cultivator.

For a Smoking Soft Coal Heating Stove.

Most stoves of this style have a removable top with one or more griddles underneath. If this is the case, take off one griddle and get one made



Record of Good Work.

The American Board of Missions maintains thirty-eight hospitals and twice that number of dispensaries in the foreign field, and its medical missionaries last year treated over 370,000 cases.

No Perceptible Difference.

"The saying that beauty is only skin deep," says the philosopher of folly, "doesn't prove anything. What difference does it make, as long as beauties always wear their skin on the outside?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-
MENTS FOR JANUARY 31.

Subject: The Trial of Peter and John, Acts 4:1-31—Golden Text, Acts 4:31—Commit Verses 11, 12—Exposition of the Lesson.

TIME.—A. D. 30. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—I. Peter's First Answer to the Sanhedrin, 5-12. The Jewish Sanhedrin was the great court of Jewish law, composed of seventy-one leading men of the nation. Caiaphas, the nominal high priest by Roman appointment; Annas, the real high priest, according to the Jewish way of looking at things, were both there. It was a very august assembly, composed for the most part of Sadducees. Peter and John's being brought before it, and their treatment by it was an exact literal fulfillment of the prediction of Jesus (Matt. 10:17). Their attempt to hinder the preaching of the gospel really gave wings to the gospel. Peter had seen this body together once before when Jesus was tried and condemned. On that occasion he was thoroughly frightened and cowed and played the poltroon. But now he is calm and fearless. The resurrection of Jesus from the dead and his own baptism with the Spirit has wrought this great change. The Jewish and other wonder workers were accustomed to perform their marvels by the power of some name (as e. g., the name of one of the Patriarchs, or the name of Solomon, or the unspeakable name of Jehovah), so the council very naturally asked Peter and John "in what name" they had healed the lame man. The real object of the question was to trap them into an answer that would be the basis of accusation and condemnation. Just at that moment the Holy Spirit came upon Peter and took possession of him and "filled" him. Jesus' ever gracious promise for such an emergency as this was fulfilled (Matt. 10:19, 20; cf. Luke 12:11, 12; Acts 13:9, 10). This promise is for us in any emergency of Christian service and testimony. Peter had already been filled with the Spirit at Pentecost (ch. 2:4), and will be again a little further on (v. 31). It was very clear then that the filling with the Spirit is not something that occurs once for all, but needs to be repeated with each new emergency of service. Herein lies the need of continual prayer for that which we already possess. Peter's answer is wonderfully skillful. But its wisdom was not due to Peter's natural endowments, but to the Spirit. Left to himself Peter was a famous blunderer. Peter was extremely deferential and courteous. He acknowledged the high position and authority of his interrogators. The Holy Spirit does not make the men He controls rude and overbearing, but gentle and courteous (Gal. 5:22, 23; cf. Jude 8, 9). Yet Peter was bold, fearless, frank and outspoken. There was no compromising of the truth, no glossing over of their guilt. The council had spoken evasively of the thing done as simple "this." It is a keen and discomforting thrust of Peter in his reply to say, "if you refer to a good deed done to a strengthless (impotent) man" (cf. John 10:32). The council doubtless winced. Then without hesitation Peter tells them that it was in the name of Jesus Christ, the one whom God had crucified, the one whom God, on the other hand, had raised from the dead. But before he closes his one tremendous overwhelming sentence, he points at the man standing right there, a living testimony to the power of Jesus' name, and adds "this man stands here before you whole." The scene has changed—Peter, the accused, has become the accuser; the council had become the culprit at the bar, indicted and condemned. Peter follows up his advantage and drives his charge home with a swinging blow of God's hammer, the Scriptures (v. 11; cf. Ps. 113:22). If the Acts of the Apostles is fiction its author is a master hand; but this cannot be fiction, it is plainly the record of the deft utterances of a Spirit-filled man. Peter closes with an appeal (v. 12). There is salvation for no one outside of it.

II. The Council Were in a Dilemma, 13-20. Peter and John declared that it was in the name of Jesus that the deed had been done, and there the man stood right before their eyes; and they could say nothing against it. They marveled at the fearless frankness of men who had never enjoyed the teaching of the rabbinical schools and naturally would be overawed in so august and learned an assembly as their own. Holy Ghost boldness in untutored men is always a perplexity to mere scholastics. Peter's sermon and bearing probably led ultimately to the conversion of some of his hearers (chs. 6, 7). The only solution they could give of the puzzle was that "these men have been with Jesus."

That is the solution of many mysteries. Companionship with Jesus makes ordinary men extraordinary. They were just like the average modern skeptic who, when he comes up against facts he cannot explain away, dodges the question. They asked, "What shall we do with these men?" They should have put the question a trifle differently. "What shall we do to be saved?" As they could not deny the fact of the power of Jesus' name and were unwilling to admit it, they hit upon the expedience of trying to silence all report of the fact.

Girl Out of Work Dies.
At Colorado Springs, Col., Miss Anna Taylor, twenty-seven years old, who went there from New York City about a year ago, was found dead in her room at No. 107 South Nevada avenue. An empty bottle that had contained carbolic acid was found by her side. Miss Taylor went to Colorado for her health and was out of money and employment, although until recently employed at Glockner Sanitarium and the Deaf and Blind Institute. George Lavelle, probably a relative, through the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, provided for the burial of the body in Colorado Springs.

Forgave Man Who Killed Her.
Miss Ellen Downey, of Chicago, who was recently run down by the driver of a brick wagon, died, leaving a message of forgiveness for the man who killed her and insuring him against prosecution by the police.

Expense Records Broken.
Estimates sent to Congress for 1910 break all records.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

QUIETNESS AMID STORM.

Far beneath the noisy waters
Of the raging, tossing sea,
It is said there flows a current,
Smooth and placid as can be.

No rough waves disturb the flowing
Of that calm and peaceful stream;
All the noise of tempest raging
Lies as distant as a dream.

So, to all who listen truly
For the Saviour's loving voice,
Comes that "peace that passeth knowledge,"
And the soul can't en-rejoice—

When the storm of life is keenest,
For, beneath the tempest will,
In the quiet, firm assurance
That the Lord protects His child.

Rest, then, soul, for God gives quiet
To the heart that trusts His will;
"I will never, never leave thee,"
In the promise—then, be still.
—Alice Foulger, in London Christian.

The Trials of Life.
But you know a great deal of the trouble of your life does not come from the major trials at all, but that a great deal of the downright misery of our life comes from petty trials.

You get a letter in the morning before you begin your day's work, a carping and insolent letter, and the poison goes into your blood and makes it sour all the day. You wrangle at the breakfast table in a family about some arrangement of the day, and go fretted to the day's work. A friend passes you on the street, and you believe he saw you perfectly well. Some meddler brings you a criticism passed by some candid friend, and which he carried to you because he thinks it right that you should know. There is a telling amenity at that tea-table, and the two ladies go home all on edge. What are they? Such little things, but they mount up into evil temper, darkened outlook, sore heart and bad blood.

My point is this, that not one of these little trials would ever have happened if you and I had some common sense, and without common sense, some kindness toward our brother. It is our social insolences, it is our irritating manners, it is the pin-pricks of our conversation, it is our regardlessness of other people's feelings that darken our neighbor's life.

Well, then, is not life—is not life heavy enough for you and me? Is there anybody that says it is not heavy enough for him, and he doesn't suffer from unkindness. I rule him out of court; he may go home boasting and rejoicing. Is not life heavy enough for you and me without all this addition of vexation and of irritation? Why should you and I spoil our neighbor's temple? Why should we disturb his peace? Why should we lessen the poor little fellow's life in the world? Why should we make his life rougher, when we could have helped him?—John Watson, D. D.

Premature Old Age.
The Lancet has recently declared that premature old age is not so much a question of time as of "over-eating and under-thinking," and that "prosperous members of the trading community die at the age of sixty years or thereabouts; first, because they have ceased to think, and secondly, because they continue to eat and drink in excess of the requirements of their bodies."

Longevity, according to the the Lancet, is mainly found in men of high intellectual endowments, "who have become dependent upon the exercise of those faculties for their chief pleasures." And what shall be said of those who have devoted such endowments to the service of God? Only the other way was the writer's happiness to listen to a masterly exposition and a remarkably powerful sermon from a pastor who had spent over sixty years in the ministry, and the utterance seemed inspired in its spiritual and mental strength, and in its Christ-like yearning for the salvation of men. There are numbers of others of equal age and of similar devotion. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee." Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee. (Psa. 84: 4, 5).—London Christian.

Controlling Our Right Purposes.
Souls need controlling as surely as bodies. Even inspiration must be ruled by conscience and judgment. Good feelings, like good horses, have run away with a man and landed him in a ditch. Jesus taught the impulsive Peter that lesson, when, first being unwilling to be washed at all, Peter then wanted in the inspiration of a new situation to be washed too much.

Paul wrote, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." Our heavenly Father gives us great openings and equipments, but He has also set certain lines which we must watch in using them. Let the servants of the Lord serve Him in the manner as well as in the purpose of their service.—S. S. Times.

Lightens Our Burden.
The way to lighten our own burden is to add to it the burden of another. The highest of all joy is the joy of a life so consecrated to service that there is less thought of self, of a self-sacrifice so complete that self does not know that it is sacrificed.

Hint to Preachers.
Relate some story or incident that you have read, to illustrate some phase of the topic. A thought worn with life never fails to hit the mark. Avoid set phrases. Speak naturally.

No Real Prosperity.
No matter what appearances may be, there is no real prosperity for the wicked.

An Example.
Every man is a page of the Bible to some other man.

Lodge Picks Cotton in Body.
An entire Odd Fellows' Lodge in the cotton field picking the crop of a brother in distress is the novel sight which was seen near the town of Millsap, in Texas. Mrs. Joe Coudill, wife of a member of the Odd Fellows' Lodge at Millsap, has been sick for several months, and Mr. Coudill had not been able to gather his cotton crop, nor was he able to hire it picked.

Loss For Millers.
The prohibition of bleaching flour by the nitrogen peroxide process will result in tremendous loss to Ohio millers.